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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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VOLUME LI

WHATEVER IS IS BEST.
I know as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank wrong, somewhere,
There lies the root of right;
That each sorrow has its purpose.
By the sorrowing oft unguessed,
But as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is—is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as the night brings shade,
Is somewhere, some time punished,
Though the hour be long delayed.
I know that the soul is aided.
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow means often to suffer—
But whatever is—is best.

I know there are no errors
In the great eternal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know when my soul speaks on
ward.

In its grand eternal quest,
I shall say, as I look back earthward,
Whatever is—is best.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE WHITE FURROW

By Harman R. Andrews.

"Say, uncle, did you see that little shrimp of a fellow a few rods ahead of us? He had a furrow of snow-white hair that ran straight back from the middle of his forehead to the base of his skull."

"I noticed him," Fred's uncle replied slowly: "But never refer to anyone by the slang name of shrimp, my lad, just because he is small. The small man is not responsible for his stature any more than you are for yours, and you do not know the bigness of the heart that his undersized body may indicate."

"You know the Insurance Exchange Building down on Third Avenue? It is twenty stories high and was probably the first of the skyscrapers to be erected about fifteen or twenty years ago. Although it is hardly within that class now, in those days people pointed it out as about the highest thing that could possibly be built."

"Up to the nineteen story the framework was riveted together. Every beam had been hoisted by engine and cable. The riveters were right at the heels of the erectors, and Douglas McLean, the man you just now called a shrimp, was at the very top of that network of fabricated steel. With his forge he heated the rivets white-hot and tossed them down with rifelike precision into the bucket that a boy held where the riveters were working."

"As you just remarked in your slangy way, McLean is a small man, but he is a genuine Scot and has all the characteristics of his race. He was always at least a story above the riveters; and to see him send the red-hot rivets sailing through the air in the dusk to land with a thud in the bucket was a sight to remember. Before the man with the riveting machine had completed his work McLean always had another hot clincher ready to send on its way."

"The boy with the bucket was man in build; indeed, he was much larger than McLean, and nothing pleased him more than to tease the wiry Scotchman about his size and to suggest that he must feel insignificant among such a large number of big, able-bodied men. McLean, who was a quiet man, said little in reply, but if his tormentor had caught the gleam that sometimes shone in his eyes he would have taken warning and stopped his foolishness."

"Once at least the lad's companions had warned him to watch the Scot. 'Some day,' they said, 'they'll pick you up from down there with a shovel, and after a twenty-story drop to a brick pavement a fellow is hardly in shape to tell whether he slipped and fell, or whether somebody stumbled against him and threw him off his balance. Better be careful; or, better still, stop that ragging. It doesn't get you anywhere; besides, Scotty never did anything to you; so why torment him all the time?' He may surprise you some day, and I really should not blame him if he did touch you up a little bit, for you certainly have it coming."

"For a while things went on much as usual, and the boy and McLean had no particular trouble. Then one afternoon the Scot missed the bucket three times straight and accused the boy of moving it. He became so angry at the boy that he threatened to spot the next one in his face. The young fellow knew

that he could do it too, for McLean was almost as accurate as a rifle with those hot bits of metal.

For about an hour all went well. Then McLean missed again, and the superintendent came up and in no gentle words warned him to be more careful. Men could not work down there with red-hot rivets falling round them. Of course McLean blamed the boy, and the boy denied he was to blame. Then the boss reprimanded the Scotchman again. McLean was furious, and when the superintendent had gone he shook his small first at the boy and threatened him with almost everything if he missed one more rivet. 'I'll throw ye off of here if it is the last thing I ever do!' he raged.

"Hump! Throw me off!" replied the lad, who was every bit as angry as the Scotchman. "Those pipers can't throw a cat on the theatre roof down there!"

"'Ye'll see! Ye'll see!' screamed the other. 'And if I do, it will not be you that will be after offering any testimony at the inquest.'

"The view from the top of that spiders-web framework was either magnificent or terrifying according to the direction in which you looked. If you gazed off at the surrounding country the view was glorious, but if you looked directly down the side of the building the sight was something to unnerve almost any man.

"As the building was riveted carpenters followed and put in the temporary floors; but, although the inside was safe enough, all materials had still to be hoisted from the outside. The work was now well to the top, and the men were growing more cautious with each added story of height—all except McLean. His head was as clear and his foot as confident as if he were on the pavement, and, no matter how the wind blew or how hot the sun shone, he would trot nimbly from beam to beam with the sure-footedness of a mountain goat.

"Now, laddie," he said, "just keep your nerve. These will prevent that clamp from slipping entirely off, and I am going to slide on down and see if I can't get some into those holes just above the clamp there, so she won't slip a single bit more. If it gets any straighter up and down, you're going to have a job to hold on."

"The wiry blacksmith slid on down to the clamps and got his bolts placed, but he could not reach the boy, who was beginning to give way to fear and nervousness, and whose strength was fast failing. By stretching as far as he possibly could, McLean could barely touch the boy's finger tips, and all his efforts to catch the boy's extended hands and hoist him to a safer seat alongside were futile.

"It was during one of these periods of straining that the clamps slipped along the girder again until they struck against the Scot's last set of bolts with a whang that made the great cable hum like a gigantic violin string. For him to reach the boy was now clearly impossible not only because of the increased distance but because the blacksmith's trouser leg had been caught at the ankle between the clamp and the bolts, and, try as he might, he could not tear the tough material loose. He had no knife and could not cut it away.

"Far, far below them the ever increasing crowd was shouting, but what they were saying McLean could not tell; neither did he particularly care, for his eyes and his mind were on the boy a few feet below him. He had forgotten the taunts and the insults the boy had flung in his face, forgotten everything, even his own threats against the life that he was now risking his own to save.

"The boy's face was becoming ashen; his fingers were cramping; the look of death was on his face. The Scot knew that if help did not come to the boy in the next minute or so he would drop like a plummet.

"As the girder rebounded the clamps allowed the beam to slip still more, until it tipped at an angle of forty-five degrees. The rebound had thrown it away from the building, and as it came back the lower end swung in and brushed the lad from his seat.

"It all happened so quickly that he could not dodge, and the girder would have whisked him off the building as easily as you would brush a fly from a wall had he not thrown both his arms and his legs round it and held on like grim death.

The girder had a short right-angled projection a few feet from the lower end, and as the boy's weight tipped the beam farther and farther from the horizontal he slipped slowly downward until he lodged on the crosspiece.

"In that position he could just

catch the boy by the wrists, but when he tried to hoist him he found that his own strength was now too far spent for a straight lift, and the boy was too weak and faint to help himself. A second later the Scot felt the boy's hold relax; he had become unconscious and had slumped downward off the crosspiece.

"The sudden jerk the boy's weight gave the blacksmith's arms seemed almost to pull them from their sockets; the man bit his lips until the blood started. Though he could not see the pavement, in his mind he knew just how far it was down there, and from the noise he knew that the crowd must be a large one.

"The cords in his arms stood out in great blue knots, and the veins looked as if they were about to burst; but with each paroxysm of pain that came with the slightest additional exertion he gritted his teeth the harder. Then he began to swing the lad slowly to and fro like a pendulum.

The men at the window at once understood his plan and again formed their chain.

"Every swing came an inch nearer to the window, and the men waiting there began to wonder just how long the blacksmith's blood-covered hands could keep their hold upon the boy's sweaty wrists. The Scot's eyes were fairly popping from his head and his face was a livid purple.

"It must end soon."

"One more swing, and the outside man gave a yell that told he had the boy by the ankles. Then those behind him dragged the two back over the edge to safety. The lad had received a scalp wound where his head had struck the crosspiece on the beam, but otherwise he seemed uninjured. Two of the men attended him while the rest gave their attention to McLean, whose position was even more precarious than before, for he was hanging head downward and had grown too weak to raise himself. Moreover, when the weight of the boy had been removed from the beam it had swung upward and round, hitting against the taut ground cable, which rubbed against McLean's forehead and peeled off a strip of skin from the back of his skull. When the hair grew in it was snow-white, and, since he parts it in the middle, it does look like a white furrow as you suggested; but, instead of being an oddity, it is a badge of honor."

"The beam, whirling slowly round, unloosened the cable in the pulley, and McLean was hastily lowered and rushed to the hospital."

"I'll bet there was a lot of cheering among you fellows when he reached the ground."

"Well, I really cannot say from personal knowledge, for I do not know." He removed his hat, and parting his hair, disclosed an ugly scar.

"You see, I was the fellow that Douglas McLean swung to the window." —*Youths' Companion.*

Diocese of Maryland.

Rev. Frank C. Smielau, after an absence of four months, once more greeted his silent brethren with a friendly call here in Greensburg, Sunday afternoon, September 25th. He conducted an interesting service at Christ Episcopal Church. He then regaled his flock with entertaining facts relative to the summer he spent in Camp in Vermont. It seems to us that the Reverend gentleman is the coming humorist.

Tony Bagley is the name of a silent fellow, who is a resident of Export, about eight miles north of Greensburg. His education was received at Edgewood School.

James Kirkpatrick, of Delmont, formerly a student of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, is an employee of Delmont Gas Coal Company. He and his hearing friends motored to town one night last week.

De l'Epee Council, No. 10, of the Knights and Ladies, of Altoona, will hold its first annual masquerade and ball in the Fire Hall on Eighth Avenue and Third and Fourth Streets in Juniata, a mile east of Altoona, Saturday evening, October 28th. There will be prizes awarded and music furnished for a dance. "Rex" is in receipt of an invitation to attend this great function. He, for one, hopes that nothing may hinder him from attending it.

"Big" Jim Princier is putting on airs nowadays, because he lately purchased a 1922 Ford car from an automobile firm of Cleveland, O. The car is certainly a beauty. He, as a big-hearted fellow, invited us to ride in and around town one night lately, which we evidently enjoyed. He says he will give us more rides hereafter. Thanks, old boy!

Miss Nora Scannell, of Juniata, was given a pleasant surprise party when a number of her friends assembled at her home, Thursday evening, September 21st, to congratulate her on the occasion of her—birthday. She was in receipt of a number of useful and pretty presents. A most enjoyable evening was spent in various games.

Anthony Malloy, of Altoona, also had a birthday party at his residence.

It is said that Mrs. Ernest Brookbanks, of Juniata, who has for five months, at least been sorely afflicted with rheumatism is improving much. We understand that her brother from Tyrone will take her to Mt. Clemens, Michigan, for treatment.

Roy Nordstrom has returned from Derry, where he spent Saturday and Sunday with his parents. He still holds cases in Henry Arpaun's print shop here.

Harry O. Fox and Ray Ward-

storm informed us that they had a most delightful motorcycle trip to Hunting, Pa., some time since. Doubtless Harry had a "bully" time with his best girl in that mountain town.

Mr. Widaman was re-elected by acclamation as chief usher and distributor of Men's Bible Brotherhood Class, of the U. B. Church, for the ensuing year. This is the seventh time he has served in that capacity.

Harry Fox's parents are now having beautiful brick residence built on Guthrie Avenue, Southwest Greensburg. They think that the new house will be ready for occupancy by November next.

On Sunday, October 1st, Mrs. Julia Collins entertained invited friends at a birthday dinner, at her cozy cottage at Foxtown. The guests present spent the whole day in pleasant social intercourse. Doubtless pictures taken of different groups outside of the Collins home were the chief features of the day. Wishing their cheerful hostess to enjoy many anniversaries of her natal day, the guests dispersed at a late hour Sunday night.

Among those who attended the birthday party were: Mr. and Mrs. Philip T. Gotts and son, John, of South Greensburg; Mr. and Mrs. James G. Poole, of Hunk-er; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. O. Long, of Youngwood; Mr. and Mrs. Felix S. Hogenmiller, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Haley, of Jeannette; Mr. Charles A. Chathams, of Altoona; James Princier, Roy Nordstrom, Harry O. Fox and "Rex" of Greensburg.

Katie Shute Souweine

A MEMORY

Katie, dear, we knew you
In halcyon days,
When in jolly girdlewood,
In school days,

At Fairwood's halls,
Sheltered from all harm,

Safe within its walls,
A memory of other days.

Wise Katie, yet mischievous.

We made Bell's Visible speech

To the horror of Mrs. Weston Jenkins,

Seems like a speech.

Oh! the happy days of yore.

We were a happy but gentle bunch.

Some here, some are gone.

A memory we regret so much.

MARY WEYANT ODELL,
Port Chester N. Y.

September, 1922.

GREENSBURG, PA.

Rev. Frank C. Smielau, after an absence of four months, once more greeted his silent brethren with a friendly call here in Greensburg, Sunday afternoon, September 25th. He conducted an interesting service at Christ Episcopal Church. He then regaled his flock with entertaining facts relative to the summer he spent in Camp in Vermont. It seems to us that the Reverend gentleman is the coming humorist.

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Miss Thelma Miller, of Mt. Pleasant, last June's graduate of Edgewood School, attended Rev. Mr. Smielau's church services for the first time one Sunday afternoon. She appeared greatly pleased to get acquainted with her new friends.

Our friend, John Smith, of Mt. Pleasant, lost his beloved mother by death July 25th last. Our heart-felt sympathy is extended to Mr. Smith on his bereavement.

Through Rev. Mr. Smielau, we were not a little surprised and sorry to learn of the continued sickness of our friend, Mr. Joseph A. Atcheson, with a severe attack of rheumatism. We hope and pray that this inevitable malady may ever leave him.

Mr. Alfred Andrews, a wealthy farmer, of Ruby Junction, Ore., has bought a new Chevrolet and is now driving it himself. He is careful driver, as the writer has been out riding a few times with him. Mr. Andrews says he will soon race with the speed cops on the Base Line Road.

The deaf of Portland are contemplating organizing a "500" Card Club, although few are expert players. Mr. Nelson and Mrs. Linde would be glad to meet them to help organize the Club by November.

The S. F. L. Club held their business meeting at the home of Mrs. C. H. Linde. New officers elected were: President, Mrs. A. Kautz; Vice-President, Mrs. Bud Hastings; Secretary, Mrs. Naylor; Treasurer, Mrs. Geo Kreidt.

Mr. T. A. Lindstrom, of Salem, is in charge of the State School for Deaf until a new superintendent is selected, Mr. E. S. Tillingshast having resigned to take up his new location in Fulton, Missouri. Mr. Lindstrom is also President of the Oregon Association of the Deaf, organized in July, 1927.

will have enough style to attract any nice young Californian, but she may come back to Oregon empty handed. Never mind, Mrs. Deliglio, you can get a real Wehfoot in Portland, if the South has nothing to suit you.

Mr. Dana Smith, of California, is a visitor in Portland. He motored all way from Los Angeles with two passengers. Mr. Smith is a former Portlander. He has not yet decided when he will return South. Mr. Smith is an expert painter.

Mr. and Mrs. Kautz with Mr. and Mrs. Fromm visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Fleming, near Oswego Lake, on Labor Day. Mr. Alfred Andrews, a wealthy farmer, of Ruby Junction, Ore., has bought a new Chevrolet and is now driving it himself. He is careful driver, as the writer has been out riding a few times with him. Mr. Andrews says he will soon race with the speed cops on the Base Line Road.

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THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, 1607 Street, and 10th Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published, it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

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CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publications, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and business letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man:

Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-balding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

A VERY handsome and artistic Souvenir of the Maryland State School for the Deaf has recently been printed, and we thank our friend, Prof. Ignatius Bjourlee, the Superintendent and Principal of that School, for a copy.

It is quite a pretentious tome, with cover of buff paper and tied with ribbon of the school colors, buff and blue. There are full-page half-tone pictures of the School's main building of to-day, and of its site, the old Camp Frederick, as it appeared in 1843. The ancient barracks built in 1777 by the British and Hessians prisoners of the Revolutionary War, marks the first home of the Maryland School, which was opened in the fall of 1868.

Along with descriptive matter are several other full-page half-tones, depicting the different phases of educational work, a group of eleven graduates who were pupils in 1868, and another group of seven teachers who were young and active in the work half a century ago, each of whom is now "a handful of gray ashes, long, long at rest."

The book contains a list of the Directors of the School, and also Officers and Teachers of this year, with a double-page panoramic picture of the Officers, Teachers, and Pupils of 1921-1922.

Altogether it is a neatly printed presentation of what the State of Maryland is doing for its deaf children in fitting them for the duties and responsibilities of life.

AFTER lying dormant for twelve years the "Southern Optimist" has been revived. Mrs. C. L. Jackson is Editor and Business Manager, with Mrs. J. G. Bishop Associate Editor. Robert C. Miller is Contributing Editor, and Leonard B. Dickerson Advertising Manager.

The South has so many very intelligent and highly educated deaf people, that no one can doubt there is plenty of brains to push forward the new claimant for newspaper honors, and its success should be a foregone conclusion. It is up to the many thousands of deaf-mutes to whom the appeal for support is made to prove themselves worthy of the venture by sending in subscriptions. Among the contributors to the first number are Rev. S. M. Freeman, Rev. H. L. Tracy, Rev. J. H. Macfarlane, Prof. Robert C. Miller, Mr. Herbert R. Smoak, and, of course, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Bishop of the editorial staff.

The Optimist will be published monthly at the subscription price of \$1 a year. Address: Editor Southern Optimist, 28 Wellborn Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Gallaudet College.

Nathan Lahn, '24, has finally returned to the football field and his return has strengthened the team. Lahn is a heavy man and has the "stick-to-it-iveness" which goes a long way in football.

Coach Hughes had the misfortune to lose two regulars in Wallace, '26, and Scarvie, 'P. C., who were injured in practice last week. Wallace is suffering from an injured muscle in his back and Scarvie has a badly battered rib.

The scrub team has shown a great deal of improvement lately and has considerably worried the Varsity.

As usual the students of College Hall split over the World Series. The side betting on the "Yankees," which lost, pulled the "Giants" supporters around the campus, on a hay-wagon, to make good the wager.

The Literary Society met for the first time Friday evening, October 13th, and the programme was as follows:—

The officers of this club are: President, Miss Moss, '23; Vice-President, Miss Dobson, '25; Secretary, Miss Ballance, '25; and Treasurer, Miss Sandberg.

Dialogue—"Dealing with a Prep," by Messrs. Falk, '25, and Brannagel, P.C.

Declamation—"Opportunity," by Mr. Calame, '26.

Critic—Mr. Teitelbaum, '23.

This was an unusually good programme and the lecture by Mr. Banerji was one of the best we have heard in a long while. Mr. Banerji has not as yet mastered the sign-language and Miss Peet interpreted for him in her usual charming manner.

Mr. Banerji was clad in snow-white oriental robes and talked most interestingly on India, the people, their customs, and almost everything in general.

The rest of the programme was very interesting and a large audience heard the speakers.

The usual good time after the meeting followed, when the boys and girls intermingled for a short social period.

Western Maryland 33 Gallaudet o

Revenge is sweet and Western Maryland College took full advantage of it on Saturday afternoon, October 14th, when our football team suffered one of the worst defeats in its history at the hands of the little Green and Gold team at Westminster, Maryland.

Shortly after the kick off, our team had the misfortune to fumble the ball near its own goal line, which took a lot of life out of the men and from that time on till the end of the tilt, it was a walk away for the Maryland lads, who have one of the best coached teams ever seen there. There was considerable protesting to the officials all through the game on part of our men, as to holding and unnecessary roughness of the other team, which went unheeded.

The playing of our team was very ragged in every department and the old time Gallaudet fighting spirit was absent, so the team is due for a thorough overhauling this week.

The line up was as follows:—

Gallaudet	Positions	W. M. C.
Lucado	L.E.	Duncan
Baynes	L.T.	Douglas
Falk	L.G.	Williams
LaRocco	C.	Robey
Whalen	R.G.	Hofer
Lahn	R.T.	Flannagan
Connor	R.E.	Grotton
LaFountain	Q.	Holt
Benedict	R.H.	Smith
Langenberg	F.	Long
Seipp	L.H.	Stanley

Substitutions—Randall for Baynes, Clark for Seipp, Kilian for Lahn, Lindholm for LaRocco.

The student body was refused permission to accompany the team, in omnibus, as the Faculty thought the trip too long and uncertain. The presence of the student body would have bolstered up the team considerably.

The other petition sent to the Faculty at its semi-monthly meeting last Tuesday night, seeking more freedom on the campus, was deferred until later, as they wished more time for its consideration.

Eugene McConnell, '24, made the trip with the team in his Overland, taking Messrs. Marke, '24, Griffing, '24, Wallace, '26, Hawkins, '26, with him. Mr. Stewart grad-manager drove over also, taking Boatwright, '24, along with him. Rev. Whildin and Mr. Stegeman from Baltimore were also there.

After having been put through various trials and tribulations, six little owlets, who for some time past have been vainly trying their wings, succeeded in becoming full-fledged O. W. L. S. and flew unto the shelter of good mother Owl on the evening of October 7th. Those passing the final tests and now full members of the society are: Marion Harmon, '24, Annie Clemons, '26, Maude Hughes, '26, Ethel Newman, '26, Janie Curry, '26, and Katy Kimbro, '26.

The annual banquet of the O. W. L. S. was a tremendous success. The menu was enough to make anybody's mouth water.

MENU	
Cream of Tomato Soup	Saltines
Brown Gravy	
Sweet pickles	Celery
Potato Fluff	
Fruit Salad	
Vanilla Ice Cream	Mints
Cake	Demi Tasse
Bon-bons	

with such success that she was granted the degree of Master of Arts by that institution in recent years.

At the time of her death Miss Porter was near her home, which is situated in the Adirondack Mountains just south of Keene, N. Y. She was on a special leave of absence from Kendall Green and had gathered much material for a treatise on the psychology of the deaf, which of the estimate of educators would have been of immense benefit to the teaching profession.

TRIBUTE BY DR. PERCIVAL HALL

Dr. Percival Hall, president of the Columbia Institution, speaking today of Miss Porter's death, said: "The profession of instructors of the deaf have lost, through Miss Porter's death, one of the most brilliant of their membership, and the world has lost, through her inability to complete her study of the psychology of the deaf, an opportunity for a distinct advance in the education of this special class, through earlier and more thorough and scientific understanding of their real handicaps and needs." —Washington Star, Oct. 4, 1922.

CHICAGO.

Old Grandpaw Brashar is far from well. Confined to his son's home. It is a pleasure to talk with the old Indian fighter, as despite his eighty-four years, he can recall interesting details of his scout days, when he escorted an emigrant wagon train across the plains in 1860. Edwin Brashar's father was two years old when George Washington died. The old scout is not as hale and hearty as he once was, and soon we fear our last connection with Washington's time will leave us.

The Susan Wesley Circle held their monthly meeting at the Fred Stephens home, October 11th, the hostess serving dinner to ten. Miss Constance Hasenstab featured with a rendition of Goole's "Bags of Gold." Following the business meeting, it was changed into a birthday party, the day previous having been the birthday of Mrs. Stephens. She was presented with a percolator. The men-folks dropped in about supper time, and a pleasant evening was spent.

Among the "Ford a day" prize stories submitted to the American, one receiving honorable mention follows:

SLICK GAME

While doing some shopping on September 13, I was walking along North Ave. At the corner of Crawford and North Ave. a man stopped me and handed me a card which stated that he was a deaf and dumb. He was a well dressed, middle aged man, but feeling sorry for him I handed him a quarter. He smiled and said "I thank you very, very much, lady," and jumped on a west-bound North Ave. car.

The Sullivan ladies (no relation) both left for California on the 11th, but by different trains. "Grandma" Minnie Sullivan went to spend at least a month with relatives in Los Angeles. Mrs. Michael Sullivan—Mike was an old Chicagoan—left to rejoin her husband after four months' visit with her nephew, who is ill.

Mrs. H. Leiter and Mrs. E. Craig engineered a little party on the 9th, surprising the E. Kingsons—it being the 37th anniversary of their marriage.

Work in his, inc. being temporarily slack, it is said, Arthur Hinch is understood to have run down to visit his mother in Cincinnati.

The Franklin Martins, and son, are spending two weeks' vacation in Maryland, driving all the way in their own car.

Tom Ritchie has been ill a week. Whether Rober Ford was hit by a Ford, or by a red auto, we do not know, suffice it to state Ford is better after being laid up several days.

Ruth, eldest hearing daughter of the Fred Stephen, was married on the 7th to a well-to-do hearing man.

Ernest Craig give an enjoyable talk on domestic and international politics as they affect ourselves, at the literary meeting of the Pas-a-Pas Club, September 30th.

For the first time in seventeen dog ages a female lady-woman has been selected to chairwoman the committee of a large undertaking.

Mr. E. Hunter will manage the Pas-a-Pas Club bag some time this coming winter. A woman manage a dance! Ye gods and little fishes, we shall see what we shall see.

September 23d, "Rosh Hashanah," or the Jewish New Year, 5683, was the occasion of a pedro party at the Charles Kemp domicile. His cronies are now calling him Solomon Kempberg.

The Charles Shapnacks are now settled in their new bungalow in Oak Park.

Dates ahead: October 21st—A. D. at Pas. Patriotic talk by Alderman J. Crowley, Sac. 28th—Hallowe'en at Pas. Barn Dance at Sac.

THE MEAGHERS.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. G. Greer, 244 Franklin Ave., Columbus, Ohio.]

October 14, 1922—The sudden death of Clifford Rose, of the Home for Deaf, mention of which was made in last letter was due to heart disease, according to the coroner's examination. The funeral services were held Sunday afternoon, conducted by Mr. Robert MacGregor, Dr. Patterson, Messrs. Zorn and Valp were present. The remains were taken Monday to Granville, Ohio, and interment made there in the cemetery lot, where repose those of his mother and sister. Mr. Rose was a graduate of the school here and previously to living in Granville, had been employed in the school laundry for a number of years. He was a good and faithful employee there. He entered the Home in October, 1919, soon after his mother's death, as he had no one else to care for him.

Because of a vacancy in the Cincinnati Deaf M. E. Church, after the resignation of Rev. Utten Read more than a year ago, and the difficulty of securing a minister, Rev. Dr. Wehrley, Superintendent of the Cincinnati Methodist Union requested the members of the church to suggest one of their own number, which was done in the person of Mr. Adelbert Waters. At a meeting of the ministers of the Southwestern district the bishops confirmed his appointment, and the Probate Court of Hamilton Co. licensed him as a minister with power to perform marriages, conduct funerals, etc., excepting administering Holy Communion, until he has become a fully ordained minister.

Regular services will be given by every Sunday afternoon at 3:00 o'clock in Wesley Chapel, on 5th Street, between Broadway and Sycamore. We bespeak success for him in his new field of labor.

Dr. Robert G. Patterson, son of former Principal Patterson, was elected president of the Mississippi Valley Conference on Tuberculosis, held in Milwaukee, Wis., on October 10th.

In the drive of five hundred thousand dollars last week in this city, for the new Children's Hospital for the city and Franklin County, there was a parade given by the women of the various social organizations Thursday afternoon. There were sixty floats in line and gotten up in a manner showing what each body represented was doing. The building of the floats were on a lavish scale and showed the pains-taking efforts of the women in making an effort. It was one of the best demonstrations ever seen for a noble cause in Columbus. Special mention is made of the Grandview twigs, representing plenty. It was most tastefully gotten up in white. Miss Ethel Zell represented the goddess surrounded by a number of little girls, and in the center of the float a large basket, with a large doll that had been handed down several generations. While some distance away from the center of the city the car stopped and could not be moved again, much to the regret of its occupants. Some one then called the float "Misfortune."

The Akron Silents came down to Columbus to-day and are to oppose to-morrow afternoon at the Driving Park the "Doersam Lunces," a crack foot-ball team. As the Rubber City boys have never been beaten in any game in this city, and hence much interest attaches to the result.

The first frost in this section occurred Thursday night and was much in evidence the next morning.

The present address of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Eikens, who formerly lived in Cincinnati, O., is Stonewell, Clermont County, Mississippi. Cincinnatians are truly sorry to lose these two good people after their long association with them. Their new home is a small place and consists of the Stonewell Cotton Mills, where fine cotton cloth is turned out, besides several hundred residences, general stores, drug store and picture shows. Mrs. Eikens' brother-in-law, Mr. Oscar Berman, of Cincinnati, owns the place.

Besides being a clerk of the Greenlaw Cemetery Association, Mr. C. C. Neuner finds time to raise some fine poultry stock. Recently he disposed of several crates of cockerels and pullets to persons living in distant parts of the State.

Mr. Alonzo Kingry, for many years an employee in the Greenlaw Cemetery, had to relinquish work and go home on account of illness last week. He had not been in the best of health for some time.

A. B. G.

St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.
Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.
Mr. A. O. Stedemann, Lay Reader.
Prof. L. L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher.
Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Lectures, socials and other events according to local annual program and special announcements at services.
The deaf cordially invited.

NEW YORK.

[News items for this column should be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.]

A few words of information in a letter postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE

On Thursday evening, October 12th, after the regular business meeting, nominations for officers for 1923 took place, and resulted in the following:

President—E. Souweine vs. A. Capelle.

First Vice-President—M. Monae

lesser vs. A. Barr.

For Second Vice-President, Joseph Wozel was nominated by acclamation, which ensures his election.

For Secretary, Samuel Lowenherz was also nominated by ac

DETROIT.

News items for this column, and new subscriptions to the *DEAF-NOTES' JOURNAL*, will be received by R. V. Jones, 2147 Lyceum Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

"Just being happy helps other souls' along; Their burdens may be heavy and they not strong; And your own sky will lighten, If other skies you brighten By just being happy with a heart full of song."

—*Ripley D. Sanders.*

The wheels of industry are hum- ming again, and most of Detroit's silent workers are back on their jobs, wearing a smile that won't wash off.

One ton of coal is all the law allows you to have at one time, so help your neighbor, by keeping within the law.

During the shut-down of the Ford factories, Mr. and Mrs. John Rutherford paid a visit to Mr. Rutherford's folks, in North Branch, Mich.

Mrs. James Leary, of Toledo, O., has been spending a week in the city, visiting with Mrs. Cloyd Stegner.

Mrs. Bertha Toegel has secured a good position with the Boner Laundry Company. She is a widow, and the stress of circumstance has made it necessary for her to earn a livelihood.

Mr. Elmer Drake has taken up the Kodak fad, and is now buried in prints and developing materials most of the time.

Mr. A. J. Salmond left last Saturday evening for an extended visit to his relatives in York State. He expects to be gone for some time.

Mrs. Daniel Whitehead is spending this week in Flint, on a visit to her brother, Willis Well. She motored over in her new car.

Mrs. Lynn Foder, of Jerseyville, Ill., is one of the latest additions to Detroit's silent community. She was a pupil of the Missouri School, at Fulton.

Mr. Randolph Stark had a run- ning streak of luck at the Riverside I. O. O. F. raffle. He won a large ham, auto blanket, a live canary bird, and a box of cigars, so Ruddy can now hardly be seen, as he is continuously under a "cloud."

Miss Mabel Stegner has a good position with the Western Union Telegraph Co., as an operator, with good compensation. She resides with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hellers leave for Toledo, October 22d, to attend the silver wedding of Mrs. Hellers' brother.

Miss Tillie Betzler, of Calumet, Mich., was called to Angola, New York, in June, to attend the funeral of her sister's husband, who died from the effects of a kick by a horse. After the funeral she came to Detroit, where she is now visiting with her other sister, Mrs. Henderson, and expects to remain here till next April.

The Ephphatha Society, of the Catholic deaf, will hold their annual bazaar at St. Charles Hall, at Baldwin and St. Paul Streets, Saturday, Sunday and Monday evenings, October 28th, 29th and 30th.

The bazaar is given for the benefit of their club house fund, and it is hoped that all the Detroit deaf will turn out and boost the fund along.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed McMullen, of Dearborn, recently moved into a larger house, and the latter's sister, who teaches in one of the grammar schools, is residing with them.

Mrs. Sam. Ornstein entered Grace Hospital Thursday, October 5th, to undergo an operation. We hope she will pass safely through the ordeal and come back in perfect health.

Mr. and Mrs. Osmonson were made happy September 28th, by the arrival of a ten-pound baby boy, at their home. Mother and child are doing very nicely, and they have the congratulations of their many friends.

Marriage licenses have been issued to John Rowland Watkins, 26, and Mary Alice Smeltzer, 27, both of Royal Oak; William A. Denham, 26, Royal Oak, and Alvin J. Koss, 24, Detroit.

Miss Matilda Stark invited a small party of friends to a sumptuous chicken dinner, on Sunday, October 1st. The dinner was given in honor of Matilda's birthday, which was to occur on the 2d.

A very pleasant time was had by all, and among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kenney, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mack, and Mrs. Chas. Brown.

Mr. Ivor Tenney, oldest son of Mrs. Pearl Gattoff by her first husband, has secured a good position in Eunice, Oklahoma, where he expects to go from Battle Creek. He will stop off here and visit his mother before going to his new field of labor.

Officer McNulty, son of our Silent Peter, was compelled to arrest three colored mutes, who work at Briggs Body Co., as they were engaged in a regular razor fight over room rent. They are now out on labor.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Dahn spent Saturday in Belleville, on business. Miss Grace Martin, of Utica, Mich., is spending a few weeks in the city, visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Halsey Day.

Mr. Harry Gwather, of St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada, has become a Detroiter, and is employed at the Pingree Shoe Company.

Mrs. Laura Walker has secured a position with the Banner Laundry Co., at fair compensation.

Warren Montgolfier, son of Mrs. B. F. Dahn, by her first husband, is now employed by the Municipal Street Railway Co., as a switch boy, at good pay.

Mr. A. R. Schneider is again among us. He has returned to work for the Fisher Body Co., of this city, after working for the same company all winter at their Cleveland plant. There is joy in the Schneider family over the home coming of husband and, father and Mr. Schneider's many friends are sure glad to welcome him back to the social activities of the silent colony of which he was always a lifelong member.

Mrs. James Hull had a very painful and dangerous fall down the cellar stairs last week, and escaped unscathed, with a few painful bruises and a lacerated arm. She is able to be out again now.

The Ladies' Guild, of the St. John's Church, opened its doors for its seventh year of good work, on October 5th, in St. John's Parish House, with a good attendance, and the aim of the ladies for the ensuing year is to make the Guild more attractive, and achieve better results than ever before.

Cards are out, calling the first meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the D. A. D. since vacation days, to be held at the home of the president, Mrs. Lobsinger, 8322 Mack Avenue, Wednesday evening, October 11th, at 7:30 P.M.

The Ladies' Guild, of St. John's Church gave a public social, Friday evening, October 6th, at St. John's Parish House, which was well attended in spite of the rain. The resident rector, Rev. Mr. Woodruff, addressed the meeting, outlining the work of the church and his plans for the future, and stated that he wished the deaf to consider him their pastor, and in the absence of Rev. Charles to seek his counsel and tell him their problems.

He says that later on they expect to build a large club house, or social center, and he expects the deaf to take equal advantage with the other members of the church, and that he hopes to learn the signs so that he can talk freely with us.

Mrs. Grace Davis interpreted the address in a beautiful manner. She is the daughter of a former Superintendent of a Southern School for the Deaf and Blind, and has charge of the welfare work for the blind of this city, but never misses an opportunity to do a good turn for the deaf, as well.

Mr. DeChaplain, of Flint, rendered "Yankee Doodle," to the accompaniment of a bass drum, like we had at the Convention, and it was a hit.

Charles Al. Gumaer, secretary of the Washington Association of the Deaf, sends out a call to "arms" against discriminate legislation impending in the legislature of that State against deaf Auto drivers. Dr. Cloud, and the N. A. D., please take notice, and shower him with "ammunition," so he will be able to stand by his guns.

If you haven't subscribed for the JOURNAL, do it now.

R. V. JONES.
Oct. 9, 1922.

FATHER DAMIEN.

Some years ago an English artist, Mr. Edward Clifford, made a journey to Molokai, one of the Hawaiian Islands, to visit Father Damien. Father Damien was a missionary priest from Belgium, who had gone to that island about fifteen years before to take care of a colony of lepers and try to make their lives less wretched. A leper, as perhaps you know, is one sick with a low and frightful disease called leprosy, which no medicine can cure; and as leprosy can be carried by one person to another, those who have it are banished to some lonely spot cut off from the rest of the world, where they cannot endanger the lives and health of other people. Father Damien knew that he should take the disease sooner or later if he lived among these lepers, but he felt that they needed help which he could give them, and he was glad to go.

Mr. Clifford, by being careful and making his visit short, did not himself become a leper, but he stayed long enough to see the work which Father Damien had done and the love and devotion of the lepers toward him; and he wrote the story in a book called, "A Journey to Father Damien," adding to it an account of the good Father's death.

Dr. Hamilton Wright Mabie, a well-known American writer and one of the editors of the *Outlook*, felt that the children of America ought to know more of the splendid heroism of this priest who gave his life for the sick. As Mr. Clifford's story was rather hard reading for children, Dr. Mabie adapted it—that is, made it simpler and shorter—and included it in his book

"Heroes Every Child Should Know," from which this selection is taken, with some further abridgment.

Robert Louis Stevenson was also greatly interested in Father Damien's work and very indignant that some of the people of Hawaii did not appreciate it. He wrote a public letter about it, which is published in one of his books.

At dawn we were opposite Kalawao. Two little spired churches, looking precisely alike caught my eye first, and around them were dotted the white cottages of the lepers. But the sea was too rough for us to land. The waves dashed against the rocks, and the spray rose fifty feet into the air. We went to Kalawao, but were again disappointed; it was too dangerous to disembark. Finally it was decided to put off a boat for a rocky point about a mile and a half distant from the town. Climbing down this point we saw about twenty lepers. "There is Father Damien," said our purser; and I saw a dark figure with a large straw hat slowly moving along the hillside. He came rather painfully down and sat near the water-side, and we exchanged friendly signals across the waves while my baggage was being got out of the hold—a long business, owing to the violence of the sea. At last all was ready; we went swinging across the waves and finally chose a fit moment for leaping on shore. Father Damien was shelter during several weeks under the single pandanus tree which is preserved up to the present in the churchyard. Under such primitive roofs were living those unfortunate outcasts. They passed their time with playing cards, native dances, drinking kai-root beer and homemade alcohol. Their clothes were far from being clean and decent on account of the scarcity of water, which had to be brought at that time from a great distance. Many a time in filling my priestly duty at their huts, I have been compelled to run outside to breathe fresh air. At that time the progress of the disease was fearful. The miserable condition of the settlement gave it the name of a living graveyard."

In 1847 a wind blew down most of the lepers' wretched abodes, and the poor sufferers lay shivering in the wind and rain, with clothes and blankets wet through. "I at once," says Father Damien, "called the attention of our agent to the fact, and very soon there arrived several schooner-loads of scanting to build solid frames with." Friends sent rough boards and shingles and flooring. Some of the lepers had a little money and hired carpenters. For those without means the priest, with his leper boys, did the work of erecting a good many houses.

On arriving at Kalawao we speedily found ourselves inside the half-finished church, which was the darling of his heart. How he enjoyed planning the places where the pictures which I had just brought him should be placed! By the side of this church he showed me the palm tree under which he lived for some weeks when he first arrived at the settlement, in 1873. His own little four-roomed house almost joins the church.

After dinner we went up the little flight of steps which led to Father Damien's balcony. This was shaded by a honeysuckle in blossom. Some of my happiest times at Molokai were spent in this little balcony, sketching him and listening to what he said. The lepers came up to watch my progress, and it was pleasant to see how happy and at home they were.

One day he told him about his early history. He was born on the third of January, 1841, near Louvain in Belgium. On his nineteenth birthday his father took him to see his brother, who was then preparing for the priesthood. Young Joseph (this was his baptismal name) decided that there was the opportunity for taking the step which he had long been desiring to take. He told his father that he wished to return home no more, and that it would be better thus to miss the pain of farewells. His father consented unwillingly, and they parted at the station. Afterward, when all was settled, Joseph revisited his home and received his mother's approval and blessing.

His brother was bent on going to the South Seas for mission work, and all was arranged accordingly; but at the last he was laid low with fever and, to his bitter disappointment, forbidden to go. The impetuous Joseph wrote offering himself and begging that he might be sent, though his education was not yet finished.

One day as he sat at his studies, the Superior came in and said with a tender reproach, "Oh, you impatient boy! you have written this letter and you are to go."

Joseph jumped up and ran out and leaped about like a young colt.

"Is he crazy?" said the other students.

He worked for some years on islands in the Pacific, but it happened that he was one day in 1873 in the island of Maui, when the bishop was lamenting that it was impossible for him to send a mission to the lepers at Molokai. Father Damien instantly spoke.

"Monseigneur," said he, "I will go to Molokai and labor for the poor lepers."

His offer was accepted, and that very day without any farewells he embarked on a boat that was taking some cattle to the leper settlement. When he first put his foot on the island he said to himself: "Now, Joseph, my boy, this is your life work."

I did not find one person in the Sandwich Islands who had the least doubt as to leprosy's being contagious, though it is possible to exposed to the disease for years without contracting it. Father Damien told me that he had always expected that he should sooner or later become a leper, though exactly how he caught it he did not know. But it was not likely that he would escape, as he was constantly living in a polluted atmosphere, dressing the sufferers' sores, washing their bodies, visiting their death-beds, and even digging their graves. In his own words is a report of the state of things at Molokai sixteen years ago, and I think a portion will be interesting.

"About eighty of the lepers were in the hospital; the others, with a very few helpers, had taken their abode farther up toward the valley. They had cut down the old pandanus groves to build their house though a great many had nothing but branches of castor oil trees with which to construct their small shelters. These frail frames were covered with ki leaves or with sugar-cane leaves, the best ones with pili grass. I myself was shelter during several weeks under the single pandanus tree which is preserved up to the present in the churchyard. Under such primitive roofs were living those unfortunate outcasts. They passed their time with playing cards, native dances, drinking kai-root beer and homemade alcohol. Their clothes were far from being clean and decent on account of the scarcity of water, which had to be brought at that time from a great distance. Many a time in filling my priestly duty at their huts, I have been compelled to run outside to breathe fresh air. At that time the progress of the disease was fearful. The miserable condition of the settlement gave it the name of a living graveyard."

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The water supply of Molokai was a pleasant subject with Father Damien. When he first arrived the lepers could only obtain water by carrying it from the gulch on their poor shoulders; they had also to take their clothes to some distance when they required washing, and it was no wonder that they lived in a very dirty state. He was much exercised about the matter, and one day, to his great joy, he was told that at the end of a valley called Waianae there was a natural reservoir.

He set out with two white men and some of the boys and travelled up the valley till he came with delight to a nearly circular basin of most delicious ice-cold water. Its diameter was seventy-two feet by fifty-five, and not far from the bank they found on sounding that it was eighteen feet deep. There it lay at the foot of a high cliff, and he was informed by the natives that there had never been a drought in which this basin had dried up. He did not rest till a supply of water pipe had been sent, which he laid, with the help of all the able lepers. Thenceforth clear, sweet water, has been available for all who desire to drink, to wash or to bathe.

It was after living at the leper settlement for about ten years that Father Damien began to suspect that he was a leper. One day he asked Dr. Arning, the great German who was then resident in Molokai, to examine him.

"I cannot bear to tell you," said Dr. Arning, "but what you fear is true."

"It is no shock to me," said Father Damien, "for I have felt sure of it."

He worked on with the same sturdy, cheerful fortitude, undaunted by the continual reminders of his coming fate which he saw in the creatures around him.

"I would not be cured," he said to me, "if the price of my cure was that I must leave the island and give up my work."

At last, he who had been so ardent, so strong, and so playful, was powerless on his couch. As he lay there, with the roar of the sea getting fainter to his ears, did the thought come to him that, after all, his work was poor, and his life half failure? Churches had been built, schools and hospitals were in working order, but there was still much to be done. He was only forty-nine, and he was dying.

"The work of the lepers is assured," said he, "I am no longer necessary and will go up yonder."

The last flickering breath was breathed, and the soul of Joseph Damien arose like a lark to God. —*St. Joseph of the Oaks.*

PHILADELPHIA.

New items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

favorable comments on the chief points of Dr. Hall's address.

The balance of the evening was left open to give every one an opportunity to meet Dr. Hall, who left the same night for Washington.

LANCASTER.

Miss Timothy Purvis was given a genuine surprise party in honor of her birthday at her fine, large country house, five miles out of Lancaster City, October 7th. Her real natal day was October 9th. The affair was arranged by Mrs. Nancy E. Witmeyer, and Mr. Timothy Purvis.

A bootblack, hearing frenzied blasts of a locomotive whistle, saved the life of a woman deaf-mute as she crossed the Reading Railway tracks at Manayunk in the of a Norristown express train opposite the station last night.

NICKELSON.

Nick Delfonse, twenty-three years old, 1922 Jamestown street, was working in his shoe-shining shop across from the station as the 5:40 train from the Reading Terminal rounded the curve a few hundred yards away. He heard the customary sound of the whistle by the engineer, but paid no undue attention to it. When shriek after shriek from the siren reached him, however, Nick looked out of the window and saw a woman halfway across the tracks with the oncoming express bearing down on her.

NICKELSON.

With a spring, he dashed out the door and covered the intervening space in less than ten seconds flat, made a flying tackle, grabbed the woman around the waist and fell with her onto the platform just as the train swished past. When he began to pick himself up, he found the near-victim, Mrs. Alice Zell, 4326 Freehand Street, Roxborough, clinging tenaciously to him, apparently unable yet to realize what had happened.

NICKELSON.

The engineer of the train, No. 39, E. Lasher, stopped the train and came back to ascertain if any one was injured before proceeding. Delfonse, who has somewhat of a reputation as a life saver, returned to his interrupted task with the remark that it was "all in the day's work." —*Evening Ledger, October 13.*

NICKELSON.

Mrs. Benjamin Musser was a very sick

FANWOOD.

Mr. Earl M. Hazel, of Groton, Ct., and Mr. Ray M. Olivier, of New London, Ct., who graduated from the Mystic Oral School, Mystic, Ct., and who are carpenters by occupation, were visitors here on Tuesday, October 10th.

Miss Anna Kaplan, a Fanwood graduate last June, took Miss Katherine Shafer to the Audubon Theatre on October 7th, and they had an enjoyable time.

On the 10th of October, Major Van Tassel and Captain C. C. Altendorfer, Quartermaster, judged the Cadets of Company "A" who were worthy of promotion and selected as follows: Cadet Corporals Benjamin Ash and Arne Olsen to be Sergeants; Cadet Charles Knoblock, Albert Sumner, Edmund Hicks and Pierre Blend, to be Corporals.

Miss Elizabeth Zudor, a former pupil of Fanwood, is now at the School for the Deaf at Malone, N. Y., as her home is at Massena, Springs, about forty miles from Malone.

Miss Mary Denham was called home last week to attend the funeral of her grandmother. She had nearly reached her 88th milestone.

Mr. Gemmill, Secretary of the State Board of Education of Iowa, was a visitor in the Institution on Friday, October 6th.

The Adrastian Society held a meeting in the Library, on Wednesday evening, October 11th. For the term of 1922-23, the officers elected were Isaac B. Gardner, M.A., Principal, Counselor; Captain Jessie Garrick, President; Lieutenant Doris Patterson, Vice-President; Lieutenant Gladys Curedale, Secretary; Edna Adams, Treasurer; Sergeants Mary Denham and Katherine Shafer, Chairmen; and Corporal Rose Ortner.

The new geese of the Adrastian were chosen by President Jessie Garrick as follows:—Corporal Ethel Brenneisen and Edna May Purdy.

On the evening of the 11th of October Miss Mary Moore, Matron of the Girls, gave a surprise party to the Adrastian Society in honor of Miss Ethel M. Brenneisen and Edna M. Purdy who had become Adrastians. All had an excellent time with many games.

On Columbus Day evening, October 12th, the Protean Society and the Adrastian Society went to Loew's Rio to see Harold Lloyd in "Grandma's Boy."

On the morning of October 12th, the boys and girls assembled in the chapel to celebrate Columbus Day. Principal Isaac B. Gardner and Dr. Thomas F. Fox, Edward Burdick, Frank Thomason, gave talks about Christopher Columbus.

The late Benjamin H. Field, a member of the Board of Directors, sent a book about Christopher Columbus to Prof. William G. Jones thirty years ago. The book contained the following Hymn, which Mr. Jones rendered in the sign language:

Father of all, O bless our nation, Latest and best of all creation, Give us the strength to guard our land, And guide us with Thy mighty hand.

Our stars and stripes shall float on high, No one is born a slave to die.

Our glorious hopes we realize,

And know that God is good and wise.

Our thanks, O Lord, are due to Thee, Whose will has made our country free.

O fill our hearts with sacred love;

That we may join Thy saints above.

Mr. Roy W. Parsons, a Fanwood graduate of 1920, visited the Institution on Columbus Day. He is in better health than three years ago. He has a good position.

On Columbus Day, Messrs. Sam Fleischer and Nathan Morrell, Fanwood graduates last June, were visitors. They enjoyed seeing a baseball game between the Fanwoods and the Haven A. C., which resulted in favor of the Haven A. C.

Miss Louis Mankoff, a popular star basketball player of the Lexington Deaf School at one time, last week visited all the buildings and grounds with his friend, Cadet First Sergeant Ben Shafranek. He also watched our Fanwood team in a practice game of baseball.

On the 9th of October all the members of Fanwood Athletic Association attended a special meeting before the Basket-Ball Tournament. Our Physical Instructor, Lieut. Frank Lux, chose six boys for the Senior captaincy of the basket-ball teams.

The Senior Captains are:—Cadet Musician Samuel Zadra, Cadet Lieutenant and Band Leader Richard Pokorny, Cadet Captain Robert Fitting, Captain Joseph Mazzola, Cadet James Stewart, and Cadet Lieutenant Abe Jaffre.

The Junior Captains selected are:—Cadet Captain Charles Klein, Cadet Sergeant Ben Ash, Cadet Corporal Charles Knoblock, Cadet Corporal Perry Blend, Cadet John Whately, and Cadet George Lynch.

The appointments for the Margraf Athletic Association for basket ball captains have not yet been made.

Cadet Adjutant Lester Cahill, president of the F. A. A., declared that the Basket-Ball Tournament would be opened in the early part of November.

Last week Mr. Dave Bancroft, the captain of the Giants, made a visit here, and we all were excited and crowded round to shake hands with him. We gave him our congratulations and shouted, "Hurrah for the Giants," the winners of the National League Pennant.

The Fanwood team defeated the Edgecombe team by the score of 5 to 2. They still played when it was raining. They had trouble catching the wet ball. Our boys were victorious.

On Wednesday evening, the 11th of that month, the pupils, from the 5th to the High Class, assembled in the chapel before the Fanwood Literary Association and they voted for officials for the new term of 1922-23. The new officers are:—Principal I. B. Gardner, Counselor; Dr. Thomas F. Fox, President; Cadet Adjutant Lester Cahill, 1st Vice President; Cadet Captain Robert Fitting, 2d Vice-President; Miss Jessie Garrick, Secretary, and Miss Myra L. Barrager, Treasurer. The directors were Mr. William G. Jones, Miss Amelia E. Berry, Mr. Edward S. Burdick, Mr. Edmiston W. Iles, Miss Florence G. S. Smith, Mr. Frank S. Thomason and Miss Allis M. Townsend.

The season of literary entertainment will begin in the chapel on the 26th of October.

ROBERT AND LESTER.

FITTING SPECTACLES.

Not long ago persons who were beginning to have difficulty in reading would go into a shop, pick out a pair of spectacles, through which prints appeared to them more distinct, and buy them. If they got the spectacles that their eyes really needed, they were lucky. Even now people go into an optician's and ask merely for a pair of glasses. The optician can test the sight only by holding lenses of different strength in front of his customer's eyes—a process not much better than his choosing his spectacles himself.

Finally the oculists, who used to concern themselves chiefly with treating eye diseases such as cataract and glaucoma, began to realize that eyestrain caused many of the diseases they treated. So the oculists made a study of optics and of the defects in the human eye and worked out the problem of rectifying them with glasses.

In fitting glasses there is often much more to do than merely to find out what lens enables the person to see most clearly. The oculist must examine every part of the eye—the retina, the crystalline lens, the muscles that move the eyeball and those that dilate or contract the pupil, the fluids inside the eyeball, which prevent shock to the delicate structures within, and the surface of the transparent part of the eyeball in front, inequalities in which cause astigmatism. He makes the examinations with the aid of various ingenious instruments, the use of which requires experience and skill—so much indeed that there has now arisen a new profession concerned entirely with detecting defects in the eye and correcting them with glasses.

The practitioners, who are called optometrists, are licensed after examination by the State, and in many of the States none except optometrists and physicians are permitted to prescribe glasses.

Medical men contend that there are certain defects of the eye that cannot be surely corrected unless the eye is examined through a pupil dilated with atropine, they admit that the new instruments are so ingenious that the cases in which the use of atropine is necessary are much less numerous than they used to be.

Ancient Battle Axe

Not long ago a landslide in Glen Innes, New South Wales, uncovered a battle axe which had been covered up by a mountain of earth for thousands of years. The axe, with a ten-inch blade like a razor, was made of stone, weighed eleven pounds, and was presumably used by a man of gigantic stature. It is now in the Australian museum.

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR THE
HEBREW ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF
Saturday Evening, January 20, 1923

MASQUERADE AND BALL
BROOKLYN DIVISION, NO. 23
SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 3, 1923
Particulars Later

HELLO! EVERYBODY
SPACE RESERVED FOR
JERSEY CITY DIVISION, NO. 91, N. F. S. D.
ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT
(Particulars Later.)

Ancient Grain Infertile.

The United States Department of Agriculture gives a hard knock to the germination of wheat and other cereals found wrapped with ancient Egyptian mummies. It says that close investigation proves all such reports to be fictitious.

French tests show that grain more than a few years old will not germinate. German tests indicate that when seeds are kept under ideal conditions, wheat, barley and oats may germinate up to eight or ten years, but few if any grains are alive after 20 years.—Ex.

COUNTY FAIR



Deaf-Mutes' Union League

AT THEIR ROOMS

143 WEST 125TH STREET

Saturday Evening, Oct. 28, 1922

At 8 o'clock.

Admission 15 Cents

BARN DANCE

under the auspices of the

Silent Athletic Club

308 FULTON ST.
Foot Johnson Street

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Saturday Evening, Nov. 18th

Cash Prizes to Best Farmer Costumes.

Such is Life!

A Semi-revival of

The Merry-Go-Round

WITH

Modern Improvements and All Conveniences

AT

ST. ANN'S PARISH HOUSE

511 West 148th Street

NEW YORK CITY

Saturday Evening, Nov. 18th

Admission, 55 cents Play begins at 8:30

N. A. D. Atlanta 1923

Special All-Pullman train New York to Atlanta via

Seaboard Air Line

in both directions Highest Comfort and Attention.

S. B. MURDOCK,
General Eastern Passenger Agent,
142 West 42d Street,
New York City.

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR THE HEBREW ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF Saturday Evening, January 20, 1923

MASQUERADE AND BALL BROOKLYN DIVISION, NO. 23 SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 3, 1923

Particulars Later

HELLO! EVERYBODY SPACE RESERVED FOR JERSEY CITY DIVISION, NO. 91, N. F. S. D. ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT (Particulars Later.)

\$50 IN CASH PRIZES \$50

NOTE.—The amount of \$50 reserved for Prizes will be divided for costumes judged to be the most Unique, Original, Handsome and Comical.

TWENTIETH

ANNUAL Prize Masquerade Ball

GIVEN BY THE

DETROIT DIVISION, No. 2, (N. F. S. D.)

Saturday Evening, November 11, 1922

ARMISTICE DAY

AT

Concordia Hall Temple Building

21 Monroe Avenue, 8th Floor. Take Elevator.

Admission, 50 cents

DICK'S NOVELTY ORCHESTRA

THE COMMITTEE

Ivan Heymann, Chairman, 1608 Beniteau Avenue. J. J. Hellers, Vice-Chairman. William Greenbaum. Ralph Adams. Geo. A. May. J. J. Hellers.

\$50 in cash prizes will be awarded for the most HANDBOME and UNIQUE costumes.

\$50

AT THE

MASQUERADE & BALL

OF THE

National Association of the Deaf GREATER NEW YORK BRANCH

FLORAL GARDEN

146th Street and Broadway, New York City

Saturday Evening, November 11, 1922

TICKETS, ONE DOLLAR

(Including Tax and Wardrobe)

MUSIC BY SWEYD

DANCING AT 8:30

ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE

Jere V. Fives, Chairman. Benj. Friedwald, Vice-Chairman. Allian Hitchcock, Treasurer. Anna Sweeny. Alex L. Pach. Estelle Maxwell, Secretary. Wm. Renner. Mary Austra.

TWO SILVER CUPS

BASKET BALL and DANCE

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

Manhattan Division, No. 87

(N. F. S. D.)

AT THE

INWOOD BALL ROOM

133-9 Dyckman Street New York City

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE VS. TRIANGLE FIVE (of Brooklyn)

LEXINGTON A. A. VS. ROBERTSON FIVE (of H. A. D.)

Saturday Evening, Nov. 25, 1922

ADMISSION, 55 CENTS

BASKET BALL and DANCE

AUSPICES OF THE

Deaf-Mutes' Union League

AT THE

22d REGIMENT ARMORY

BROADWAY AND 168TH STREET

NEW YORK CITY

Saturday Evening, January 6, 1923

(Doors open at 7:30 o'clock)

MUSIC BY 22d REGIMENT BAND

TICKETS, (including Wardrobe) 50 CENTS

COMMITTEE